The Martlet

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McLoughlin, Haazen on BOG

By DONNA LIVINGSTONE, Martlet City Editor

Tied at 213 votes each, Nick Haazen and Daryl McLoughlin were elected to student positions on the Board of Governors (BOG) on March 30. Defeated candidate Alana Mero received 207 votes, and Bernard Soberg 104 votes.

Slightly more than six percent of the eligible voters cast their ballots in the election which was conducted through the mail.

Haazen says his experience in financial matters in private business should help him on the BOG. "The big problem you are facing on BOG is that it is a group of people who are mainly government appointees and fairly experienced in financial matters. If you get a student not terribly experienced in financial matters the poor student is going to get snowed under."

"The important thing is to let students know what the BOG is all about and make them aware of what falls within the realm of the BOG jurisdiction," Haazen said.

Haazen, a master's student in Public Administration, says he is interested in ensuring that the needs of students as a whole are considered when policies and budgets are developed.

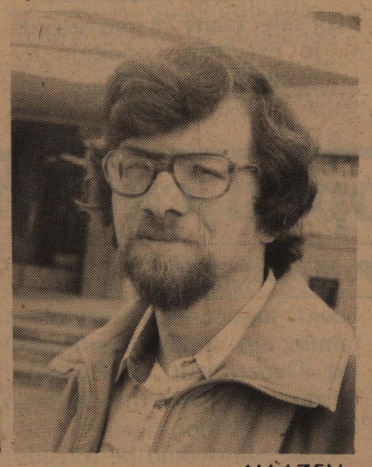
"I ran for BOG because I wanted to represent student's interests, especially since McGeer was talking about dropping student representatives," said Daryl McLoughlin, a third year Arts and Science student.

McLoughlin said he wants to have the information on candidates' faculty and year dropped from the ballots during election. "It tends to discourage people from running against other candidates who might be in a higher year or doing their master's," he said.

McLoughlin sees a problem in lack of communication between the various students represented on the Senate, BOG and AMS and says he hopes to maintain close contact with Senate and RA reps.

In a letter to Senate this week, UVic Registrar Ron Ferry suggests changes in the university election procedures, including the discontinuation of the mailing of the 'Call for Nominations' which he says could result in considerable savings. Ferry proposes advertising for university elections to the BOG and Senate through noticeboards and university publications.

MCLOUGHLIN



HAAZEN

COMMUNITY PAPERS PART TWO

FRANCES JOHNSON continues her examination of the community presses.

This week, James Bay. See page 7.

WHAT IF IT WAS A NEWFOUNDLAND PIG HUNT?

GENE JAMIESON on the Mummers troupe and the seal issue, pp. 8 and 11 inside.

Armies of the Night

Analysis by BERNARD FONG, Martlet Staff

Political theatre the protest was meant to be, and an awesome media event it became with television cameras filming, radio stations broadcasting and police escorts leading the procession through the heart of the town. A movie could not have been better staged, directed and cast. There it was, such a mixture of demonstrators: the old, the young, the jobless, the working, the moderate, the radical, the quiet, the vocal, the mad, the sane, the holy and the wicked. Downtown traffic was crippled for nearly an hour as the long train of protesters strolled eight abreast for many blocks down busy streets. Motorists impeded by the march either smiled, voiced support, laughed, cursed, kept silent, or were annoyed by the delay. Truckers blew their horns, waved their hands, said words of encouragement, apologizing in their own ways for not joining in the protest but backing the cause in spirit all the way.

"The Teamsters are behind ya," a driver shouted. "Thanks," someone retorted, "but sympathy doesn't pay my bills, buy me food, or give me a job."

Camera-burdened tourists on double-decker beefeater buses looked out their windows, took pictures, chatted with protesters, exchanged greetings, and found the whole spectacle rather amusing. A carnival air began to surface from under the weight of seriousness. Had it been a festival, Grace McCarthy would have been pleased.

One little, wrinkle-faced aquline-nosed man shoved his bald head out of his big Buick and screamed, "why don't you men get off the road and quit making asses of yourselves?" "Oh Jim," his wife said, "please don't embarrass me!" A bearded young man with a sign glued to his Levi jacket ran up to the pensioner, gently placed his hands on the car door and replied, "hey, sir, I've come all the way from Salmon Arm to be with my hard luck brothers. I got a job but I'm taking two days off to come here to show my support for the cause because I care about the unemployed and their families in B.C. You don't give a shit, and that's your privilege. You're retired and waiting for the grave, but we've got a lot to live for and we all want to work for a living. We don't want welfare, we don't want UIC, we want jobs, that's all."

They continued arguing as the march moved on. Down the row a teenager with his girl friend inside a roaring TR6 convertible were having a good laugh. A demonstrator approached them. Walking up to the machine and leaning against the red hood, he cooly asked, "hey, kid, what's the joke? 'cause your dad's got a lot of money and you don't have to worry about your next meal?" Other protesters hearing the remark shouted their approval.

Near the front of the procession a coterie of Young Socialists were selling Party pamphlets. Despite the grimaces and visible annoyance of most idle drivers, a pretty little woman wearing a bright red bandana went from car to car peddling tabloids. No one took her seriously; still she was earnest, persistent, convinced no doubt of the nobility of the leftist cause in spite of the cynicism and hostility. A man in a van muttered, "I don't see how a gorgeous girl can get so hot-headed about communism".

Cameramen with press credentials hanging like pendants on their coats ran up and down the procession, clicking their Minoltas, Nikons, Canons, Pentaxes and Mamiyas, zooming in on various subjects. It was the biggest show of the year and no one needed to buy tickets.

The protesting crowd knew the importance of solidarity in their fight to cadge jobs from the callous government officials. But the demonstration had become inane because the leaders did not wish to point out the disparity between those eating gourmet meals in the Uplands on their six figure incomes and those who could not find jobs, as one of the evils that society had to overcome before full employment could be reached. Nobody from the top brass of the B.C. Federation of Labour questioned the injustice of a government hiring policy under which the senior bureaucrats were handsomely paid while 120,000 or more other citizens had to grovel for work.

Before the demonstrators arrived, a thousand were already waiting by the fountain at the front of the legislature. It was to be the largest assembly in Victoria in a decade. When the banners were sighted, spontaneous cheers erupted. There would

[continued on page 3]

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NOTICEBOARD

Gay Rights demonstration on campus Tuesday April 11. As a sign of silent support please wear blue jeans or white runners. Also a public rally in Centennial Square from 7 p.m. Tuesday. Show Victoria we care—see you then f

For sale: 1972 Datson 510 station wagon, 4 on the floor, AM-FM radio, snow tires on rear, one owner car, good body shape, 71,000 miles. Economical to drive, recently tuned, new clutch, $1600 or nearest offer. call 384-6192 after 5. f

Wanted: female roommate to share fully furnished apt near UVic, shopping, buses. Phone 595-3457 between 6 & 8. $100 monthly. f

I am leaving for Toronto (Kitchener) on April 18. Can give ride to one more person. Call Michael at 478-1472. f

German conversation or tutoring, translations of scripts or letters. Call 592-9872. f

Share large old Oak Bay home with 6 others. Room with fireplace, 2 large windows, available at end of month. Veg. garden, plus co-op food. Full laundry facilities, non smokers only, rent $75, utilities $7. Call 598-1760. f

Wanted: ride to Montreal for last half of April. Good driver, willing to share all expenses. Call Steve, 477-5337. Also, men's 10 speed for sale, good condition, $65. f

Attention guitarists! For sale, Ibanez jazz guitar, "Howie Roberts" custom, Gibson copy; brand new. Call Miguel 383-0962 anytime. f

For sale: 1968 Volks beetle, in very good condition, only 43,000 miles. Asking $1100, will consider offers. Call 477-5155, between 4:30 and 9:00 p.m. f

I am looking for any old canvas or sheets of plastic that you might have in your basement and aren't using. Plase call 386-3880 anytime and ask for Patti. f

Lost: March 1, personalized silver pencil, between Elliot and Cunn. Has sentimental value, if found leave with Lost and Found, also leave name and phone number. Reward offered. f

FOR SALE: Fjallraven pack. New condition, expedition frame and bag plus padded hip belt. $90. Cal 477-5381 after 6 and ask for Wendy. f

For sale: one pair Hanwag hiking boots, size 10½, with Vibram soles, one yr. old, but hardly worn. Water-proofed with sno-seal, cost $100, asking $50, but open to offers. Phone Paul Webb at 477-0083. f

For sale: cross-country skis, near perfect cond. 190 cm, bindings, boots. All for $70. Call 477-9310 and leave message. f

Companion wanted to join me on a return trek to Colorado via S.F., leaving April 26th. Share expenses, driving, camping. Call 477-9310 and leave message. f

M.C.A.T. Persons wanting to form a serious study group for preparing for the Sept. set of exams are asked to contact Larry at 595-0851. f

The Victoria International Development Centre invites you to gather in solidarity with Chile through an exposition to be held Fri. Apr. 14 at 8 p.m. at Norway House, 1110 Hillside Ave. No charge. f

For sale: 1964 Comet, as is. In running condition, but unlicensed. Offers—call David Koop at 477-8655 or at the Martlet office. f

For sale: Men's ten speed, needs a lot of work but good running order—$30. Konica Auto S335 mm Camera with F1.8 lens, reg. $130, selling for $85. Stained glass terrarium, 2 ft. high, asking $50. Rare antique teddy bear spoon, selling for $20. Call 477-4312, ask for Lauri or leave message or drop by Emily Carr Hall, room 205. f

For sale: many 78 rpm records in excellent condition by outstanding artists. Call 477-4301, 8:30 a.m. or 11 p.m. f

A small green nylon pack was left in SUB Pub Wed. Mar 29. In it are desperately needed items: Bio 304 notes and text, and a blue UVic folder with notes to several term projects. If you have it, please turn it in to Lost and Found. If you know where it might be, please call Jim Carrico at 479-0769. f

I am leaving for Calgary on Sun. Apr. 9. If anyone wants to share gas and driving call 385-6254 or contact the Entertainment Ed. of the Martlet. f

Wanted: Folding bicycle. Call Ken at 477-3611 or 385-8009 or drop by Martlet office. f

Europe with special art historical guide Mario S. Luna, Deputy Director of the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria and UVic Lecturer. $1,149 inclusive, 2 departures, June 30 and July 28, 21 days each tour. Film will be shown in East West Lounge of the SUB at 7 p.m. on Tues. Apr. 11 or contact Travelyden at 388-4201. f

Wanted: quiet reasonable female to share two BR apt with same. Rent $112.50 call 592-0022. f

Valuable wrist watch found in Clearihue Building just before Christmas. Owner claim by identification at Traffic and Secuity office, Saunders Building.

Wanted: 1 BR suite, prefer something with fireplace, funky, for the end of April. As cheap as possible, if anyone is leaving one, please call anytime: 386-8042. f

The Jewish community of Vancouver Is. and interested guests are invited to attend the traditional kosher Seder-dinner at the Crystal Ballroom of the Empress Hoted. The Seder will start at 6 p.m. on April 21. For information and reservations call Congregation Emanu-El 382-0615. f

Men's Wet suit: good condition, will fit slender build, about 6 ft. in height, knife also. Call 385-2710. f

Handicapped cut off, again

By OWEN TOOP, Martlet Staff

It started out well. It ended a disaster.

Dave Connell suggested I go with him and take a handicapped person to register at the local recreation centre. We got in Dave's car, and went to pick up crippled Gloria Andreas at the Bathem Fielding townhouses for the handicapped.

Gloria was worried. Under the Victoria Society for Recreation of Handicapped Persons, (or the Handicapped Rec Centre as most call it) she had been able to receive assistance with her recreation activities. But the centre had been forced to close that day because their funding under a Canada Winter Works grant had expired. The Centre had been unsuccessful at obtaining new funds either from the Department of Human Resources, or from the Capital Regional District.

Now, she would be forced to take a taxi ($3.50 each way) when she wished to go the Gordon Head Rec Centre. On a fixed income, she said, she simply could not afford it.

But the worst came when we arrived at the Gordon Head Centre. Gloria, along with Donna Pistell, a woman with Multiple Sclerosis, was turned away when she tried to register.

The manager, George Douglas, was kind enough about it. But he pointed out the centre, one of the newest in Victoria, was unequipped to handle "handicapped people". The bathroom, the showers and the swimming pool were all unusable; even the centre's main doors were difficult for people in wheelchairs to enter.

"I feel as bad about it as anyone else and the boss (Mike Young) feels bad about it too," he admitted. He allowed that no recreation centre in Victoria, not even Oak Bay, could adequately handle handicapped people. But he suggested the two women come back on Thursday between 1:00 and 3:00 p.m. if they could find volunteers to help them cope with the problems of the centre.

That is the problem.

[continued on page 2]

UNEMPLOYMENT PROTEST ...from one

never be an uproar as memorable as the one heard by the procession—if only Bill Bennett could hear.

Military trucks were parked along the street leading to the legislature and three field artillery pieces sat by the Wax Museum with nozzles aiming skywards. By the legislature stairs a platoon of honours guards in full parade uniform stood rigid with fixed bayonet automatic assault rifles. The marchers mingled with the demonstrators already on the grass as the military band played. Bennett was smiling, chatting with the two cabinet ministers beside him.

"Hey Bennett boy...hey son of Wacky...we're here!" "We want jobs, especially your job!" "We want Bill Bennett or Vander Zalm. We want Bill!" "Shove McGeer up your rear, Bennett!". "We want jobs! Sell your hardware store!" "Give me a shovel, give me an axe, give me anything but bullshit!"

The crowd surged forward the the police guarded the barracade. The curses, the profanities came hurling at the Premier but he managed to stay deaf, maintaining an impeccable composure. Not once did he look down at the angry mob below despite the threats.

A black Cadillac limousine moved up by the stairs followed by a Rolls Silver Shadow. Out came the chauffeur opening the door for the Lieutenant Governor (dressed up like Lord Admiral Nelson) and his mink stoled wife as the Premier hurried down the stairs to greet them. The crowd pushed forward mixing in with the tourists here watching the inauguration ceremony to the throne speech.

"Knock off the pomposity, Bill Bennett, you thief!" The abuse kept on coming, but Bennett never quit smiling. "Aren't you alright, you must feel okay, Bill! I love your suit; I want your suit!" The honoured guests and the cabinet ministers met, exchanged pleasantries and turned their backs to the heckling, haranguing crowd.

The Lieutenant Governor inspected the sentries and stopped now and then to shake hands with the soldiers. Someone yelled, "come on you mercenaries, shoot me! I am ready to be a martyr!" His challenge was not met. After the troop review, in which the dignitaries had gone through the perfunctory exercise without paying any attention to the mob, the cadets were ordered to march back to the barracks. As the captain was giving his orders a man shouted, "about face, fire!" Again the soldiers ignored the invitation. In the background, the cannons had begun the traditional twenty-one gun salute as the ritual concluded without incident. Together with the guests the Premier retreated into the charnel for the speech. "Come back here Bill," the people shouted, "we want to hear you talk to us, yes us, the fools who voted you in!"

As soon as the parade grounds were cleared, the stairs and the rest of the area came under the control of the demonstrators. Federation of Labour marshals seized the platform immediately and set up a lectern with microphones and tape recorders. Placard-waving protesters followed occupying the front of the seat of government and trampling the tulip beds in their path. The hollers and the abuses never relented.

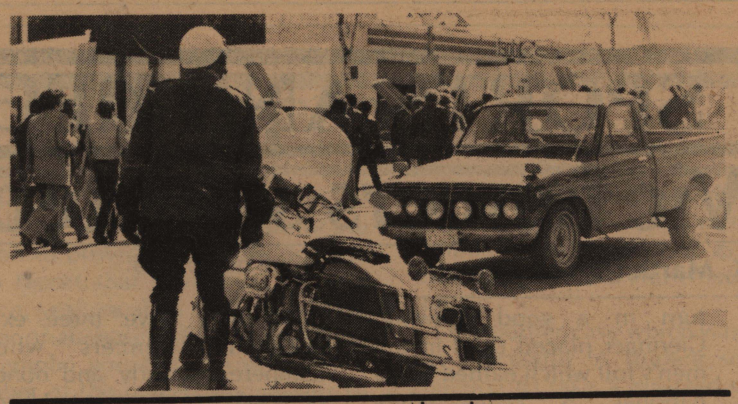
The two Federation of Labour bosses took turns giving speeches neither one saying any word new or inspiring about the unemployment crisis. The cat-calls increased. "Get off the podium," a man shouted, "this protest is not a campaign for the union cause. Fuck the unions! Fuck you George, you slug!"

"I'm not goin' ta take that kind of language," George Johnston retorted, "I want this to be an orderly demonstration. Any person lookin' for trouble should shove off, now." The boos got louder, the language more raucous. "The British Columbia Federation of Labour," George continued, unaffected by the unruly assembly, "has a membership of twenty-five thousand in this province. We've organized this demonstration as a way of showing our disgust with the lacklustre economic policies of the government." "So what?" a youth screamed, "the bigger you are the less you seem to give a damn about the rest of us who ain't in your organization."

More cries of "bullshit" came hurling out from the crowd anxious to get over with the session of words and platitudes and settle down to the business of confrontation. Then a folk singer strummed up a tune and everyone joined in singing "Solidarity Forever".

After the first round, in which the B.C. Federation of Labour congratualated and applauded itself for the demonstration—no one thought of giving credit to the protesters—the selected orators from various organizations came one after another to speak their perfunctory pece. But the crowd insisted on wanting Bill Bennett, the villain in the mob's mind. A representative of the Vancouver Downtown Eastside Resident's Association, either out of humour or ignorance, had the very sense to ask the unemployed to look for work en masse; provoking another fusilade of "Bullshit" from the audience with his offbeat remark, the poor man stepped back from the mike blushing.

Next on the list was Harry Rankin, the well known and well versed champion of the poor, who criticised the



present government for its indifference to the unemployed and desititute. But everyone knew that; no one needed to be told what he had learned through intution and experience. He was nevertheless cheered, not so much for the oration but for his reputation as an old socialist warrior. A spokesman from the B.C. Teacher's Association was invited to speak but he did not show up. People below were getting restless; some wanted to say their piece; and few wanted to hear any more inanity from celebrities. Heather Conn, reporter from the **Ubyssey**, the UBC student newspaper, came up to George Johnston asking him permission to allow others in addition to the selected speakers to have their grievances addressed. She was denied.

The folk singer did another number, playing the old Guthrie favourite "This Land is Your Land". After the singalong the B.C. Federation began announcing bus departure schedules. But hardly anyone wanted to leave. The chant for Bill Bennett rose again. And the countdown began for the Throne Speech as the mob grew impatient. "Let us in!" "1971 here we come again!"

A red shirted man from the Young Socialist League went up the stairs and made a short speech accusing the federal government of padding the jobless figures. "A hundred thousand unemployed," he said, "are written off by the Ottawa administration as seasonal adjustment figures. In other words, a lot of you don't count. You're considered the unemployable. You see, the federal government doesn't believe in full employment. For years it has strived to bring employment down to a 'comfortable level'. But who is comfortable without a job? Who on earth wants welfare?" "I'm not even qualified for welfare!" someone yelled below.

Another woman shrieked, "Shit, man! I can't live on a hundred fifty bucks a week! Do I have to sell pussy for a living?". "Right on sis," a banner waving man concurred, "we're all fucked by the government and none of us is paid!"

The agonisingly long wait finally ended as the session adjourned. By then, when the Throne speech was over and the political wizards emerged from the chamber, the early fire of the protest had dwindled and dimmed into a fading ember. Buses heading for the mainland were starting to leave and many disappointed demonstrators had to move on. Again the delay tactic worked for the always evasive government as the crowd reduced and the air calmed.

Applause rained once the very popular, cherubic former premier Dave Barrett was ushered onto the platform. "There is nothing," he said, "for you in the Throne Speech. The government of Social Credits makes no promises and gives no hope for any job creating programs. The government doesn't care." Everyone assembled here knew the story of course but still it was heartening to see Dave Barrett again in such a time and space; he was to the gathering the symbol of oppositin to the incumbent government. But in his speech he never alluded to his government, under which the economy had grown so dependent on the generous widening of the civil service and the profligate social schemes. As he was walking off the podium with a Federation of Labour marshal, the former premier was heard muttering, "there's nothing more I can do. I've done my best."

When Rosemary Brown was seen shivering outside in her nylon dress, she too was obliged to speak. So she climbed up the stairs, struggling all the way on her three inch heels, and spoke extemporaneously. In her speech she merely delivered, verbatim, what her party chief had just finished saying, but received many cheers—she, too, was popular, and in popularity substance does not count.

The one-man Liberal team headed, conducted and preserved by Gordon Gibson scaled the stairs to say a few words to the rally. But he was hardly heard by the hollering, cursing, abusive crowd. "To hell with the Liberals! To hell with Trudeau! What's worse than the Socreds? The Whigs, of course!" The poor man never had a chance.

Then it was the newly elected hair apparent to the Scott Wallace riding, Vic Stephens' turn to go through the tortuous motion of speech giving on a day such as this. Some cursed him, too, while others more courteous implored silence. "Give him a minute! Let him talk!" So Vic Stephens told the audience what a strong one-horse team the Conservative Party could be and how he was to combat the intransigent Socreds with his will and his conviction. Near the end of his delivery he welcomed anyone and everyone to his domicile for more open hearted, candid conversation. "My doors are always open," he said.

"Well, we're all coming over and make sure you cook my turkey and his roast beef medium rare...make sure your wine cellar is full!" people shouted. Vic Stephens did not answer the hungry crowd, which was still eagerly awaiting the star appearance of Premier Bill Bennett.

After much confusion the Federation of Labour finally announced that Premier Bennett could not address the assembly today because he was tied down with "legislative work". Not one of the Socred ministers showed up. The thousand-odd protesters still lingering about shouted derision and aspersion, but to no avail of course. "You can hide now, Bennett, but you can't hide forever. We'll be back."

HANDICAPPED ...from two

At the Victoria Rec Centre, a system existed where volunteers helped the handicapped take part in recreation. With the funding gone, the whole structure has disintegrated. Whereas before the Rec Centre had operated twenty-four programs for 250 handicapped in town, there was now nothing for these people.

Disappointed, our entourage proceeded to the Cedar Hill Recreation Centre, where Gloria and Donna planned to register for ceramics. The receptionist dutifully accepted Gloria's application, but was hesitant about accepting Donna's. Finally, she told Donna she would call her back to let her know if she would be allowed into the program.

I talked later to Judith Armstrong, coordinator of the late Handicapped Rec Center.

The program had been living off short term funding for the last two and one half years. But the Department of Human Resources had refused to fund the centre. Of Human Resources Minister Bill Vander Zalm, Armstrong said, "I think he feels he's done his bit. Last year he promised us $20,000. He only gave us $5000 and withheld the rest." She said the extra $15,000 had recently been offered to the organization only if they used it to hire a handicapped recreation consultant. The program then was stuck with a consultant and no program.

Vander Zalm feels the program is a municipal responsibility. When the Handicapped Rec Centre had asked the Intermunicipal Committee on Recreation to support their program in March, however, they had been turned down, because the project was "unfeasible". With no one willing to take responsibility for the funding, the program has been quashed.

Handicapped people are being deined a right offered to other citizens. "We want to be in the community with other people," Donna said, as she and Gloria were being turned away at the Gordon Head Centre. This of course, is the only way to bring acceptance of the handicapped.

Now, in recreation, this basic right is being denied.

SPORTS AND RECREATION

UVic fencers selected to BC team

By PENNY FRENO-LINK, Martlet Sports Editor

Two members of the University of Victoria Fencing Club rounded out the 12 person team roster that represented BC at the Western Canada Fencing Champions held recently in Winnipeg.

Post graduate student, Mike Gieringer and fencing club coach Neill Gallaiford were selected to the BC team on the basis of their achievements of the current year.

Gieringer, who has been fencing for three years, reached the finals in all six of the open competition fencing tournaments he participated in this year. In order to proceed to the finals, a fencer must advance through successive rounds with fifty percent of the fencers being eliminated with each round.

Gallaiford's accumulated results; a first, second, fourth and 13 place finish in the sabre in local competitions won him a position on the team as an alternate.

At the regional championship, which included 125 entries from the the four western provinces, Gallaiford and Gieringer managed to turn in a good showing. Gieringer placed third in the men's foil which earned him a national "B" rating while Gallaiford made the quarter finals in the foil and finished 13 out of 17 in the sabre. Gallaiford started fencing in the men's sabre this year. "I didn't do as well as I had hoped to do,"Gallaiford said. "We were competing against some of the best fencers in Canada. Some of the fencers have been competing for 15 years or more."

The foil is light and flexible, developed from a practise weapon used in earlier days to improve an individual's duelling expertise. Points are scored by hitting the opponent's target area, the trunk of his body, with the tip of the foil. The sabre is the modern version of the slashing cavalry sword. Touches are scored both with the point and the front and back edges of the blade. The valid target area includes all portions of the body above the hips.

The fencing club at UVic is the second largest in BC

Gallaiford, who laid the groundwork for the club this year, is concerned about the future of the club.

"We only have three experienced fencers who compete regularly and none of us will be returning to UVic next year," Gallaiford announced. "A fencing club really needs experienced people and I'm hoping the university will allow local non-university people to join the club to add some continuity."

Gallaiford suggests he will have a hard time convincing the university to make use of the resources of the community.

"The university frowns upon non-students using the facilities and they want students to join local clubs," Gallaiford said. "They seem to be quite concerned about the quality of the users yet they are willing to let a bunch of students who don't know what they're doing use the facilities and not experienced people."

The club experienced growing pains this year and overcame the difficulties. Now that it is up and coming the possibility of a club next year doesn't look too promising.

Refs participate too

By WALTER RIETH, Special to the Martlet

Contrary to popular opinion all referees are not power-hungry people who lack the necessary skills to actually participate in sports. In fact, intramural officials at UVic are the same kind of students who plays the sport and most of them do both.

Manuel Cruz has been one of the referees for Recreational Volleyball this year. He played in the Wednesday night recreational volleyball league and officiated at the Thursday night league.

Eric Stepura refereed for Spring term's floor hockey league and handled soccer during the first term. He also plays soccer.

"In the recreational volleyball league the emphasis is on fun instead of competition," said Cruz. "When players don't show much skill we tend to let infractions go."

Cruz said there was never too much conflict in the recreational league.

"Usually explaining the rules was enough to settle an argument. If a player still wasn't satisfied his or her teammates usually settled it."

Cruz summed it up by saying, "...it made university more fun and built a lot of friendships. When I played myself I always made it easy for the refs because I knew what it was like. And I did pick up some playing skill myself while refereeing.

On the other side of the coin, Stepura has refereed a much more competitive floor hockey league.

"A lot of guys had played hockey before either Junior A or Junior B."

"The referee is like a teacher," said Stempura. "At the beginning of the season when the skill level was low the players needed the calls to learn the rules. As the skills improved, my job was cut down in that respect. As the skill level went up, so did the tempers. I had to settle the players down in addition to enforcing the rule," he added. "The guys would usually settle down after a little lecture on sportsmanship. I had to break up a couple of fights but usually the other guys on the team broke it up before I arrived."

Stepura expressed good feelings about being a peace-

[continued on page 11]

Men win

The University of Victoria men's field hockey team moved into a semi-final position in the Vancouver Island Field Hockey Association by defeating Esquimalt Rebels III 4-3 in overtime last weekend.

UVic's leading scorer in seasonal play, Don McKnight, scored the tie-breaking goal with only three minutes remaining in the overtime period.

UVic opened the scoring in the first half with a goal by Eric Stepura. Rebels replied shortly after to tie the match and complete the first round of scoring.

In the second half, UVic's two goals came from Gary McKnight. The first on a break-away set up by full back Rick Swindell and the second on a penalty flick.

The Rebels strong offensive display late in the second half destroyed UVic's lead and created the overtime situation.

UVic will meet the Market Men in semi-final action 11 am Sunday April 9 at Windsor Park.

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COMMENT

Ombudsman's Column

By Ombudsperson Patricia Beatty-Guenter

I received a few comments last week on the ambiguity in the first part of my most recent column. It is rather difficult for me to know how much information to provide in certain delicate situations. I feel obligated to report that something actually happens as a result of this office; yet I must be very cautious in discussing certain things for fear of alienating those from whom cooperation is needed. For example, you can be sure that if a faculty or administrative member of the university consents to see me, and honestly tries to be helpful, then sees a report of our 'confidential' meeting in this column, I will probably not get cooperation the second time I need it. In the future, I will avoid even mentioning a subject if I feel that it has to be kept so ambiguous as to be incomprehensible. On the other hand, if no cooperation is forthcoming in a certain area, and I have exhausted all alternate means of resolving a problem, I do plan to use this column as my last resort.

Here is a case that was successfully resolved in which I do not have to maintain confidentiality. A student named Roberta came to see me to complain that the hooks which were supposed to be in the water closet doors in the women's washroom on the main floor of the SUB Building were no longer there. She was concerned about putting her purse on the floor as this placed it in a position vulnerable to theft. I did not know if I could help with this problem, but phoned Mr. Morton of Buildings and Grounds to ask if anything could be done. He was most helpful, and immediately placed an order for replacement hooks.

In another case which was also closed this past week I was not as successful. A student solicited my help in obtaining permission to take a directed studies course in May and June. He had been refused by the department and asked if I could help him get the course approved. I tried to help, but the department had a number of legitimate reasons to deny the request, including the lack of personnel in the area of the student's interest and the fact that the calendar specifies that a certain grade point average is necessary to take courses of this nature. In addition, departments are under no obligation to teach or supervise directed studies courses, but may do so at their discretion. Fortunately, the course was not the student's only alternative.

My office is in Room 113A of the SUB Building, in the back of the Clubs Room. I can be reached there on Monday and Wednesday mornings from 9:30 to 11:30, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 2:00 to 4:00 and on Tuesday evenings from 5:00 to 7:00. If those hours are not convenient for you, my home phone number is 595-2763.

A Woman's Place

by the women's action group

PART I

Once upon a time—long, long ago and far away—God was a woman. And the mortal women of that time ruled on earth as the Goddess did in heaven. Priestesses represented the Goddess on earth, and controlled vast temple lands, titles and wealth. Queens ruled the country and all property belonged to the women and was passed down from mother to daughter. The wisdom and good judgement of the women kept the land in peace and plenty. The sexual autonomy of the women ensured their social, legal and economic independence. Woman's place was in the home—and in the senate and the temple—and in all these places, her intelligence ruled. But do not imagine that this time was like our own, with only the gender of those in power changed—because the presence of the Goddess is associated with a totally different value structure, based on co-operation rather than competition, love and delight rather than fear, commerce rather than warfare—the values of civilization, not tribal conflict.

Archeologists trace the worship of the Goddess in some Near and Middle Eastern areas back to Upper Paleolithic cultures of 25,000 B.C. From Neolithic times—about 7,000 B.C.—into Roman times, evidence of the worship of the Goddess is abundant. Bronze Age Crete—dating from 3,500 to 1,500 B.C.—gives us the clearest examples of the way the worship of the Goddess affected the structures of human life—what sociologists call matriarchy, matriliny and matrilocality form a brief summary. These cultures were matriarchal: woman ruled church, state, community and family. They were matrilineal: descent and inheritance, title and property—including the right to the throne and all royal lands and titles—were all handed down from mother to daughter (in earliest times, of course, the role of the male in reproduction was unknown). And these cultures were matrilocal: the oldest woman held the place of honour in the town, and when new families were formed, the daughters stayed near their own homes, rather than moving to live with possibly hostile in-laws.

What happened to reverse this idyllic picture in every detail? Did the women simply tire of all that responsibility one day and hand it over to the men? Not at all. Rather, agressive warrior bands from the North, accompanied by groups of priests, armed with iron weapons and riding in swift horse-drawn war chariots, invaded the Mediterranean areas in a combination of territorial

[continued on page 7]

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The Community Press

Part Two - two James Bay papers battle for survival

By FRANCES JOHNSON, Martlet Staff

JAMES BAY NEWS

The **James Bay News** started in July, 1973 and has published monthly ever since. It had a newsletter format until 1976, when it assumed its present proportion as a 12 page tabloid with a circulation of 6500 to 7000. It manages to break even on a financial basis with approximately 30 percent advertising content to cover a $500 monthly printing cost.

The paper is staffed entirely by volunteers, twelve to fifteen at a time. The staff members hold a monthly meeting to decide the basic content of the issue coming up. They have what is termed by the paper's former editor of four years, Phil Rogers, a "collective editorship".

The paper, from Roger's experience, is mostly preplanned; "it's hard for a monthly to grab news articles, last minute stuff." Nonetheless, he states, "it attempts to be a *new*spaper, examining all the issues." The paper allots room (free of charge up to a reasonable amount of space) for community organizations, such as the elderly residents' New Horizons Association or the James Bay Community Association (JBCA).

Allowing space for various groups and organizations could expand the **James Bay News** into a rather cumbersome size if every group in the community chose to take advantage of the space offered. The James Bay community is marked by numerous groups and subgroups, branch, affiliated and attached organizations. The most powerful of these is the James Bay Community Resources Board (JBCRB), an elected body, empowered to fund various community groups. The JBCRB pays Phil Rogers, but not, he states, to put out a newspaper. He also denies having resigned the editorship due to any connnected administrative problems with the JBCRB; he says he "has simply had enough". He volunteered his services for as long as he could manage the job. "I became involved in the paper because I was excited about the concept—I was editor as a resident, not as an employee—I'm not the slave of the JBCRB. If there was an Issue, I'd publish it. The only reason I'm no longer editor is because I got tired; 30 hours of monthly volunteer work on top of my regular job." Rogers states emphatically that he feels it is possible to have an objective newspaper even with the network of organizations present in the James Bay community.

The policy of the **James Bay News** is to charge for submission of non-news material, but not for articles of community interest. The paper is "into supporting community self-growth," says Rogers. He feels the paper "will do just fine under the collective editorship; this can't be a propaganda sheet, it must be a news type of paper." He goes on to say "there is a lot of joy involved in the production; the people really enjoy putting out a paper, there is no axe to grind."

Rogers is off the hook now, since he is no longer the editor of the **James Bay News**, co-incidental to being a paid employee of the all-powerful JBCRB. But his prediction for the success of the collective editorship remains to be proved. In view of the existance of another paper in James Bay, founded purportedly to provide the residents with a "non-partisan paper" does not lend credibility to Roger's statement that the JBN is an "independent paper", with "no axe to grind".

BECKLEY FARM NEWS

"We aim to represent the community in a non-partisan manner." These are the words of Charles Ball, information officer and member of a collective editorial board for the **Beckley Farm News** in James Bay. "We do resent the fact that other elements in the community claim to put forth a community newspaper, when it is actually an organ to serve the Resource Board, the Community Association, the New Horizons Group, etc.," protests Ball.

Charles Ball states that the **Beckley Farm News** was started to provide the residents of James Bay with a completely autonomous newspaper, that would not serve any special interest, our special interest is to be an open voice for the community." Staffer Anna Janeda stated in the first edition off the press (July, 1977): "**Beckley Farm News** is the organ of the James Bay Resident's League. This newspaper exists for the purpose of disseminating information to the residents of James Bay. The **Beckley Farm News** will help in the achievement of the JBRL's goals and the objectives of the paper will be the same as those of the JBRL."

The JBRL is a splinter group which broke away from the JBCA in 1977, claiming that it intended to take a firmer stand on issues such as development and downzoning in James Bay. Charles Ball, executive officer of the JBRL, is also the founder of **Beckley Farm News**.

The **Beckley Farm News** has not published since December, 1977. According to Jan Gottfred, who contributes regularly to the tabloid and is also a member of the editorial board, "We have stopped printing to reassess the direction of the paper and to strengthen our labor and financial forces."

When the **Beckley Farm News** was producing, it had a good-size press run of 5,000 with a printing cost of about $350 per month. According to Ball and Gottfred, there is no problem obtaining advertising support in James Bay in spite of the presence of the **James Bay News**.

The **Beckley Farm News**, says Gottfred, is slated to put out another issue soon; how soon, she is not certain. She would like to see more issues with articles on subjects such as mega-vitamins (a subject well-liked in a past issue) and such new content as an article entitled "Ten Steps to Block-busting".

Both Ball and Gottfred feel "City Hall is incompetent"; property downzoning is a key issue in James Bay, according to Ball. "City Hall," he says, "is closely tied, if not in bed with the property industry and the community is at their mercy." (Charles Ball is a two-time candidate for city alderman.)

These are not the words of an apolitical man. And since Ball says that he can over-ride editorial decisions in the **Beckley Farm News**, it becomes increasingly difficult to accept the "non-partisan" logo offered by the paper.

It should be interesting to see what directions the **Beckley Farm News** takes, if it does indeed produce another issue. It will be a challenge for the paper to live up to its professed aims, given the proliferation of special interest roups in James Bay.

SUMMARY

The crucial problem facing the community press is its ability to function in a near-vacuum. The feedback is minimal; reader response is badly out of proportion to circulation. (The **Beckley Farm News** ran a survey in 1977 to gather local opinion and response to their paper. There were ten replies from a distribution of 5,000 copies.)

Jude Hall-Patch, key organizer for the Fairfield paper, admits that she would like more support, more community involvement, opinion as well as manpower. When her colleague can say of her "Jude *is* the paper", one realizes how the publications tend to become one-person shows.

Feedback does indicate the papers are well-received. But not enough people are offering tangible support.

The papers have reached a crucial point in their financial development; having exhausted government funding (with the exception of the **Beckley Farm News**, which did not receive government subsidies) all of them are now self-supporting. The **James Bay News** has an established advertising base, while a young paper like the **Fairfld Community Press** must go out and solicit new backers. The **Beckley Farm News** has a compound problem: only eight months old, they must compete with the well-established **James Bay News** for local advertising revenue.

Some of the papers fill a more crucial communication gap in their community. Certainly the Fairfield paper is a blessing for the elderly residents of that area; with the demise of the **Victorian**, they no longer have access to a free local newspaper.

In Vic West, Marion Jenson faces a complex problem. The paper must attract the support of a highly diverse cross-section of the city's population. Many of the residents are presently apathetic about producing and maintaining a community paper.

The "independent" status of the papers is questionable. In James Bay, both papers imply that the other is a mouthpiece for certain community organizations. The Fairfield Press has as yet an indeterminate status; they are in the process of applying for regisration as a society (formalizing their break with the FCA). The Vic West publication has had financial independence forced on them, thanks to severe cutbacks in the Department of Human Resources support of community organizations.

In view of the similarity of goals stated by the community papers and the various community groups, it would seem to be in the best interest of both to curb their infighting and concentrate on sparking the community participation vital to thier continued survival.

Ultimately, the decision for the survival of the community newspapers is in the hands of the community residents. Since all the papers are now operating entirely on a volunteer basis, there is no-one else to fall back on. The dedicated few who have worked thus far to keep the papers alive need help. As Marion Jenson observes: "It's no fun doing it alone, the enjoyment is in working together."

WOMAN'S PLACE ...from 5

conquest and religious crusade They succeeded because of their iron weapons, their swift war chariots and their superior size and strength Didn't the people of the Goddess fight back? Of course they did—but these Northern invaders had a monopoly on the smelting and refining of iron, and against iron weapons, the copper, gold and bronze of the people of the Goddess were useless The Goddess cultures had wheeled vehicles, but these had always been harnessed to donkeys and used to transport people and goods—so they were not match for the swift, horse-drawn war chariots of the invaders Likewise, the peaceful urban attitudes of the native cultures were swept away by the aggressive, fighting attitudes of the Northern invaders These invaders brought with them not only iron weapons, war chariots and aggressive values, but also their male deity, patriliny and the concept that light equals good and dark equals evil All of these concept were very useful to them in justifying their take-over of the people native to the Mediterranean area, for this gave the whole conquest religious fervor, since the invaders could say they were bringing the worship of the true god, and knowledge of paternity was necessary for the restructuring of inheritance so that land and title could be handed down from father to son—and since the invaders were lighter-skinned and larger than the native people, they could view what was actually an invasion as only one more triumph of good over evil

One of these warrior bands belonged to the Semite sheepherding people, the Hebrews, with their priestly caste, the Levites And it is at the point of their invasion into the lands of the worshippers of the Goddess that the Genesis story was written—and rewritten, and strictly censored by that priesthood—for it is a story with a point of view and a goal And that goal was to justify the take-over of both celestial and earthly power by the male gender, and to warn the people of the evils that befall when woman's judgement is trusted Although the Paradise story claims to be a simple record of the beginning of time, we can see that although every symbol in it spoke to the people of that time of their familiar Goddess religion, the stated *meaning* of each symbol was turned around and used against that religion. So there is a basic contradiction in the tale, for the words and pictures do not match at all.

[*continued next week*]

ENTERTAINMENT

Stay tuned...

By GARTH SPENCER, Martlet Staff

Langham Court Theatre is located at Langham Court, just off Rockland Avenue near Moss Street. The Victoria Theatre Guild owns the property, chooses the plays presented there, and helps give exposure and experience to amateur actors, theatre technicians, set designers and directors.

Since 1967, the Guild has enjoyed a close liaison with the UVic Theatre Department. That year's production of **Playboy of the Western World** was their first co-production. John Krich of the Theatre Department was subsequently vice-president of the Guild for two years running. The department will lend costumes and set pieces to the Guild, and Guy Hogya will use the theatre building to demonstrate how one deals with a radically different building. The co-production of **Threepenny Opera** represented British Columbia in a Dominion Drama Festival in Newfoundland.

In addition to working within a tighter budget, the Guild works with a stage that presents difficulties rather different from those of the Phoenix. The theatre building started out as the coachhouse of a private estate in what is now the Fairfield residential distict. Later on, the building was converted to provide classrooms for the Collegiate School, once the only private boy's school in Victoria, and still later for St. George's School for Girls. In 1935 the property was acquired by the Victoria Little Theatre Association, which in 1950 became the Guild.

Productions at Langham Court are generally entertaining. The membership of the Guild includes both professionals and amateurs in almost every stage of production. Auditions are open to any who wish to come.

Langham Court produces six plays in a season. Each production continues from Thursday of one week to Saturday of the next, not including Sunday. The two productions remaining for this season are **The Rape of the Belt** and **The Killing of Sister George**.

Performances start at 8:15 sharp. Reservations may be made by calling 384-2142 after 4:00 p.m., starting on the Tuesday before opening night.

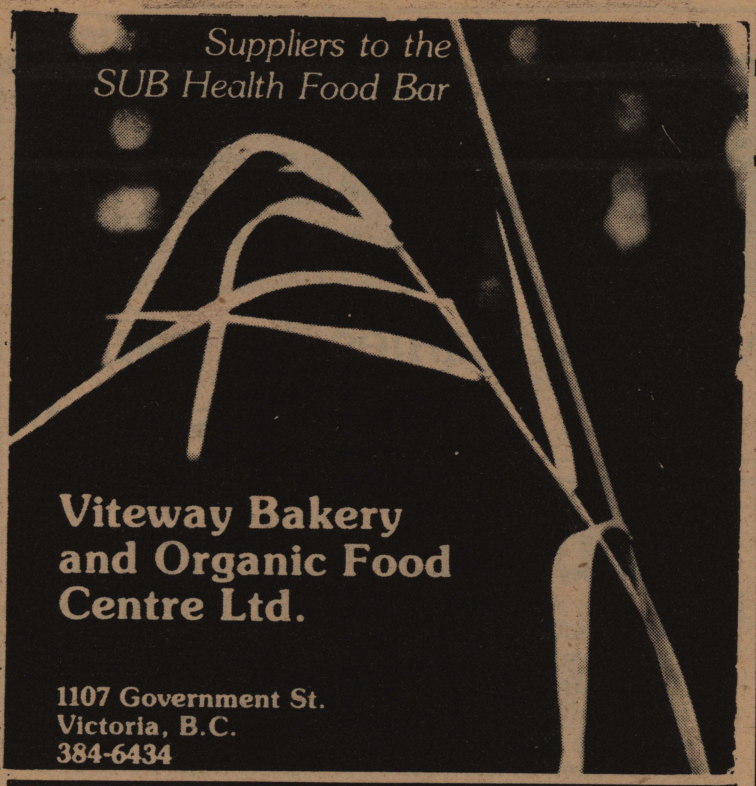
Fate sealed

By GENE JAMIESON, Martlet Staff

The five of us walked into the Belfry last Tuesday, sporting our fashionably liberal Greenpeace badges, very much expecting to be amused by a satirical takeoff on the annual seal hunt off the coast of Newfoundland. But what we ended up getting was an education, a side of the seal hunt story that never shows up in the Greenpeace propaganda and the media's coverage of the story. That angle of the story is, of course, the sealer's side of the story, the people who Greenpeace would like us all to think were barbarians slightly akin to the Idi Amins of the world but who nonetheless are the closest to the "action" and who are most victimized by purely emotional and unsubstantiated charges that are thrown out by the once reputable Greenpeace Foundation.

The play was **They Club Seals Don't They?**, presented by a group of seven actors based in St. John's, Newfoundland called the "Mummers" (named after the Christmas tradition of caroling, or as they say in Newfoundland, mummering). The cast wrote the play themselves last January when, according to one cast member, "We got tired of all the lies and misrepresentation of the fishermen. We wanted to set the record straight." They did this with the help of a Canada Council grant (a fact that led Greenpeace to accuse the mummers of being "tools of a hunt-supporting government", according to leaflets that were handed out by some eco-freaks after the play.) They have been touring with the play for a month now after premiering it in front of 700 fishermen in St. Anthony Newfoundland, and will finish at the end of April to a Halifax audience. The cast has been

[continued on page 9]



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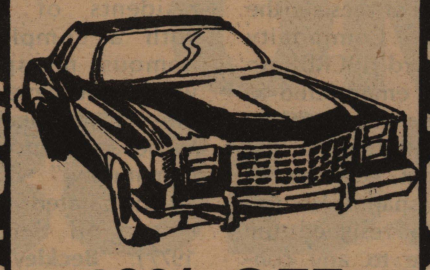
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ENTERTAINMENT

CANO impressive

By PAUL HARLEY, Martlet Staff

Having flicked through a 30 page booklet containing previous reviews of this band's records and concerts, I felt highly wary as I entered a half full McPherson Playhouse. Big publicity often raises high expectations which are left unfilled. Happily I came away with the feeling that I had been well entertained by a musically innovative band, who played skillfully and with feeling.

CANO (Cooperative Artists of New Ontario) hail from Sudbury, northern Ontario, and already have two highly acclaimed albums to their credit. **Tout dans L'meme Bateau** and **Au Nord De Notre Vie**. Most of their songs are written in French, the language common to most of the band and they are already very popular in Quebec as well as making inroads among English speaking audiences. They can be seen as a practical example of national unity although they deny any political role ascribed to them.

There are eight players in the band and their sound is influenced by folk, rock and jazz. It reminded me, in feeling, of Alain Stivel, a Celtic Harp player from Brittany, and of early Steeleye Span and Fairport Convention—music which is rooted in the tradition of folklore. However, the music is not tied down by traditional forms.

Although I suffered, in a small degree, from not understanding the lyrics, all the songs were played with freshness and feeling. **Au Nord De Notre Vie** was sung by Rachel Paiment, whose shimmering, rich voice rivalled the best of Sandy Denny, and gave the song an eerie quality. It lasted about eight minutes and went through a number of complex changes and moods—simple folk to spacey jazz-rock, reminiscent of passages from the Pink Floyd. Particulary noteworthy was Wasyl Kohut's fiddle playing. **Spirit of the North** typified the band's approach and their feelings about the north, which is their home, optomistic—vital and resourceful. Their music is humorous too, as illustrated in **Frere Jacques** played in a rousing rock style.

The band played for about an hour and a quarter, coming back for an encore after much cheering from the strong Ontario contingent in the audience. It was well-deserved. Particularly impressive was the overall richness of the sound and the numerous changes in pace and rhythm woven into their songs, without making them jerky or simply a display of flashy musicianship. Their sound, while liberally borrowed from various traditions, is distinctly their own. If you missed them at the McPherson last Thursday then try listening to their albums- you won't be disappointed.

SEALS

...from 8

quite pleased with the response so far, and for good reason. It should be praised, if not for its imaginative and hilarious satire or its thoughtful and touching dramatic sequences, at least for its brave and thought-provoking political stance.

Praise of this play shouldn't be limited to the traditional aspects of the art such as the acting and the music, although those aspects of the play shouldn't be ignored either. Their presence is what made the play's message that much more effective and powerful. But that message must be seen as the part of the play which made it and which caused standing ovations from a traditionally conservative Victoria audience.

The sealers were portrayed on a human level, a level which is easily forgotten in the circus atmosphere that Greenpeace has spawned at the annual seal hunt. The Newfoundland fisherman is shown to be just as exploited as the seals have supposedly been. From the very start of habitation of the island, the people who have made it their home have been burned out by both the French and the English; they were talked into joining a confederation which has failed to fulfill its promises, have been forced off the island because life there couldn't be afforded, and now that the people who have survived it all, the native Newfoundlanders who participate in the seal hunt to supplement their meager income, are receiving world-wide criticism from people who don't know the facts behind the hunt.

The Mummers protrayal of the Newfoundlanders, although easily criticised for their use of emotionalism as a tactic to get the audience's sympathy (reminds me of a story I once heard about "poor, innocent cute little baby seals") it truly taps the very essence of their life and makes the audience realise that these people aren't the blood-thirsty barbarians that the myth perpetuates. They are no worse than people who take their harvest from the land such as loggers or wheat farmers, for like those people, sealers are harvesters who take responsibility for what they do. The only differences is that they harvest cuddly seal pups.

The play could very easily be interpreted as an Andy Hardy type affair where a group of young enthusiastic actors and actresses take to the road with a play that is supposed to cure the ills of the bad publicity that the hunt has encountered. But the play is surrounded and made up of actual events that inevitably add credibility to the Mummer's statement. It's too bad if you missed their week-long stand at the Belfry, but I'm sure you'll be hearing a lot more about this troupe in the near future.

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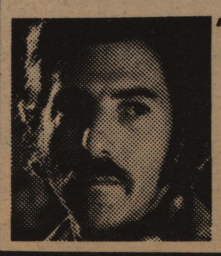

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LETTERS

More disruption

Editor:

Three cheers for Robert Warren who, last week in the **Martlet** Editorial, proved that there is hope for the Socreds still. Maybe we should all vote for poor Bill Vander Zalm besieged by bloodthirsty critics who don't give him a fair chance to defend his policies and his government.

Why, if it hadn't been for all those nasty hecklers and stupid questions the students might have believed the bullshit they were being fed by B.C.'s most infamous cabinet minister at the SUB Theatre two weeks ago.

Perhaps what Mr. Warren should get upset about is the tameness with which Vander Zalm was received. The kind of garbage that the Minister of Human Resources was spouting from his pulpit would be drowned out in mere minutes at the Legislature, a more discriminating audience. But at this university, bastion of conservatism, sitting as it does so appropriately above the community it might serve, the students were prepared to appluad in Pavlovian unison every time Bill patted himself on the back. The audience reluctantly took him to task when question period opened up and despite the attempts of a few indignant students, Bill handled the whole affair cooly and calmly. He did, of course, refuse to answer a few questions, but who cares. The people of B.C. should care. Vander Zalm should have been pied, booed, heckled and jeered out of the Theatre halfway through his opening remarks. Bill is a popular guy around B.C.; he's saving us money. The only way to expose him is to make a scene, make him lose his cool so that everyone can see what he is really like. Just maybe, if we show the people of B.C. what him and his government are up to, maybe if we show him that we don't like what he is doing either he'll change some of his policies or perferrably him and his government would be kicked out in the next election.

The heckling was unreasonable—it was too restrained. People were too complacent and they will forget why some people think Vander Zalm is the worst cabinet minister in the Commonwealth when the next election rolls around. Somebody should have exhumed the 'pick up the shovel' issue; how many of you remember that this man had the incredible gall to hold back $22.50 from each and every handicapped person in this province, money that his ministry was getting from the federal government.

But you are right Robert, the students did lose and Bill and his cronies won another round. The students failed to take advantage of a golden opportunity to turn the SUB Theatre into a public embarrassment for Bill Vander Zalm. He did not need to speak; any handicapped person, welfare recipient or social worker in the audience could have given a more accurate picture of how he has performed to date than the Minister did.

John Luton

Cow photo lifted

Editor:

An original photograph of the Young Building on the Lansdowne Campus circa 1915, with a cow grazing in front of it, was removed from the University Archives Historical display in the Library lobby shortly after Open House weekend. Could whoever has this picture please return it anonymously to the University Archives (in the Library Special Collections) so that it can be reproduced and put to further use by historians.

Chris Petter
Archivist Librarian
Special Collections

Ass should resign

Editor:

The business of the Representative Assembly has done a great disservice by the presence on it of Mr. Steve Harding. The man is a pompous ass. His lengthy diatribes and crusades have managed to divert the attention of the student forum from its more important duties. Mr. Harding, it will be remembered, campaigned for greater accessibility and information about student government. Instead he has managed to insult most of the members with his spiteful replies to legitimate questions, wasted time on such trivialities as the interpretation of smoking rules for R.A. members while in session, and demonstrated a lack of concern for the welfare of the student body. I find it necessary therefore to call on Mr. Harding to do one responsible thing during his tenure on council, and resign. This act will create a vacancy that hopefully will be filled by someone who will represent the interests and welfare of the students.

A future diplomat,
Keith D. Brownsey.

Stereo sexism

Editor:

How come the Women's Place column is so irrelevant? Blatant and commercial exploitation of women along sexist lines occurs every day.

Why wasn't there any comment on the discriminatory sexploitation of people in this year's Juno Awards? Surely this televised media event is more than indicative of the real status of women in Canada?

All the female award winners were the ultimate in sex symbols. Scantily clad they giggled and flashed thighs, breasts and giddy double-entendres at the audience. They all sang that persuasive mind-numbing disco rot that puts women in bed with men on top.

On the other hand, almost all the males were intelligent, liberated, sensitive and even beautiful folk singers. All sang intense, insightful and meaningful songs. (Except for Rush, the Ayn Rand Band.)

Now I don't know if that's

[continued on page 11]

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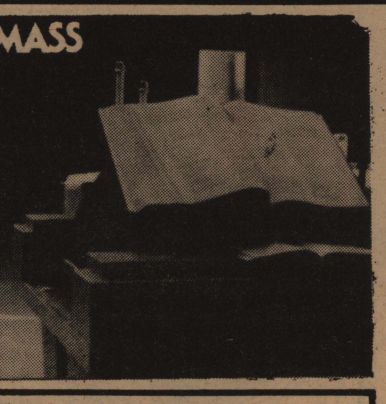

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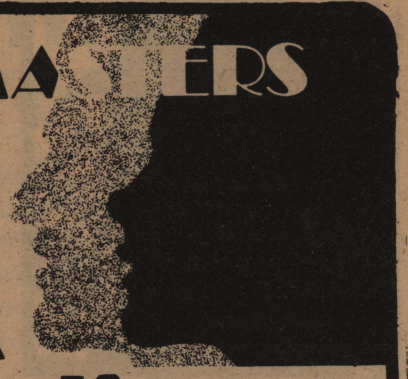

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EDITORIALS

Seal bashing hyped out of focus

By GENE JAMIESON, Martlet Staff

Every spring for at least the last hundred years, Newfoundland fisherment have taken to the ice packs off their coast to hunt seals. Today Norwegians are joining Newfoundlanders in the hunt and have, in fact, turned the harvest into big business, at least for them.

But the majority of those people on the iceflows are Newfoundlanders who are merely trying to supplement their already meagre income. More importantly, the people most victimized by the current hysteria surrounding the hunt are those fishermen. What's more, the facts that have caused the hysteria aren't even facts at all.

One of the so-called facts that the Greenpeace Foundation and the International Fund for Animal Welfare have perpetrated is that the seal hunt is inhumane and the methods used in killing the seal pups are unusually cruel. They say that killing a seal with a club is barbaric.

However, Tom Hughes, president of the Ontario Humane Society, stated last year that use of a club is "the most humane killing method."

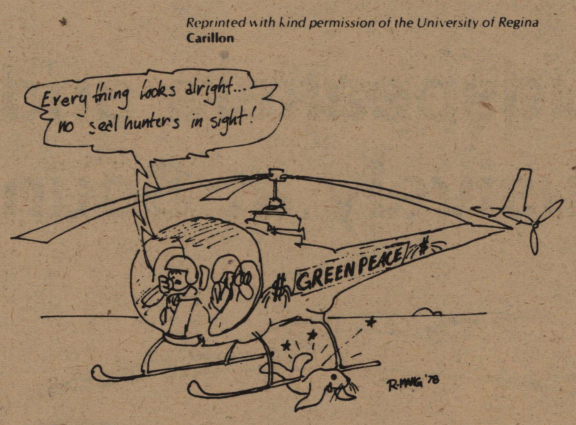
"We are satisfied that the method of killing seal pups on the ice is humane. It is 100 percent better than any slaughterhouse operation. There was no shadow of doubt that the club was the most humane killing method and thit it produced immediate unconsciousness followed by death without physical pain or mental distress," Hughes stated.

This same sort of opinion is held by the International Society for the Protection of Animals who, although not supporting the seal hunt, have gone on record as stating that "the seal hunt in Newfoundland is humane."

In a study done at the University of Ottawa for the LCanadian Council on Animal Care, Dr. H.C. Rowsell concluded that the seals were incapable of feeling any pain when they were killed.

"I have examined the crania of thousands of seal pups and I have never observed one that did not have massive hemorrhage in the brain, an indication that the animal was rendered unconscious and therefore incapable of feeling any pain," he stated.

The 1976 seal hunt directly contributed over $5.5 million to the Atlantic regional economy and provided direct employment for over 4,200 persons. The average earnings from the seal hunt for the Newfoundland participants was just over $2,400. From the annual income of $7,500 that the average fisherman makes, money from the seal hunt represents about one-third of the total. Forty-five percent of this


Reprinted with kind permission of the University of Regina
Carillon
Everything looks alright... no seal hunters in sight!
GREEN PEACE

income comes from the sale of the seal's meat and oil. The meat from over 50 percent of total seals landed was utilized. The blubber of the seals is used extensively in the production of margarine, soap,chocolates, and industrial oils. In short, the seal's utilization and importance to the Newfoundland economy is far-reaching and much more extensive than is evident in most animal resource industries. Had pigs and hogsbeen considered cute, their slaughter houses would probably also have been visited by our friends at the Greenpeace Foundation.

Still another argument the Greenpeace people make use of is the one that states the harp and hooded seals are in danger of extinction. Based on this, a call has been made for a six year moratorium on the killing of those seals. This could perhaps be considered a viable excuse to stop the hunt; however, the fact is that the seal population is nowhere near extinction, it is actually increasing by 2 percent annually.

Current management policy suggests the herd has been increasing in size since 1972. Quotas are set to permit a continuing population increase at the rate of 2 percent per year. As Tom Hughes of the Ontario Humane Society put it, "...if the Northwest Atlantic harp seal ever was endangered, it certainly isn't now."

So why all the fuss over the seal hunt? The answer to that lies within the tactics of Greenpeace Foundation. They have turned the hunt into a purely emotional question and have orchestrated the reality of the situation so much that the ice flows have been turned into a circus with Brigitte Bardot in one ring and various American Congressmen in the other. Jacques Cousteau, the noted environmentalist, is convinced that emotionalism plays the biggest part in the hunt.

"The harp seal question is entirely emotional. We have to be logical. We have to aim our activity first to the endangered species. Those who are moved by the plight of the harp seal could also be moved by the plight of the pig, with which we make our bacon—the way they are slaughtered is horrible. If we are sentimental about harp seals, which are not endangered because they are partly protected, then we have to be also emotional about pigs."

CIA is not a drug

By KEN SIMONS, Martlet Editor

In case you missed the news, your dope could be poisoned. The American State Department, in cooperation with the Mexican government, is spraying marijuana plantations with a deadly defoliant.

Twenty percent of all Mexican marijuana is poisoned with the compound paraquat. The drug has not been directly responsible for any violent sickness so far, but doubtless psychosomatic cases of dope poisoning should be coming in soon.

Cumulative long-term effects of paraquat are unknown. They may not be known for another ten years, as the standard scenario goes for dangerous substances in this hemisphere. But the fact remains that paraquat is a dangerous substance, and the American government is encouraging, rather than discouraging, its use.

Both governments involved know all too well that their actions are not stopping the marijuana harvest, and are not affecting the plant's export. The marijuana is being sprayed at the height of the season, prompting the farmers to rush out and chop the plants down before they turn brown. The paraquat, as well as the dope, is at its maximum potency. This, too, the governments know; but they go on spraying.

The thirty million North American dope smokers do not know what they may be smoking. The American government, instigator of the $25 million program to "eradicate the marijuana menace", knows what these fifty million people are smoking. Poison, and they don't care.

The attitude of allowing *caveat emptor* to prevail, albeit for a substance that is illegal, is irresponsible at best. When the action is deliberate, it is murder. Or genocide.

LETTERS

...from 10

because women are forced to be like this, or if that's the choice that the people who buy records make. But surely most women do not really want to love their sugar daddies, do they?

Surely the Women's Action Group should use their space in the **Martlet** to point out this kind of crass behavior amongst the elite of our country. Isn't there enough of this kind of news oriented material in sufficient variety to keep a column like "A Women's Place" an interesting and informative piece of analitical journalism for a long time to come? Wouldn't this be an improvement over the trite and repetitive emotionalism that so often pervades this column?

The column at present is a ludicrous waste of effort on the part of the **Martlet** WAG and UVic students. It stands so out of touch with reality that it has no place in a **news** oriented media.

David Koop

make a very special personal as well as academic contribution that should be publicly acknowledged. Therefore, we wish to express our sincere appreciation for one such individual—Dr. S.W. Jackman.

Thank You, Dr. Jackman.

With deepest respect and affection,
Your Student.

Jolly good fellow

Editor:

We feel there are certain people on this campus who

...from 4

REFEREE

maker. He took the job simply because he wanted the experience but said he would do it again.

"After refereeing I tended to have clearer judgement when I played myself. I also give the ref a compliment after a game because I can relate to what he is going through."

Both referees recommended the job for anyone interested in sports and wanting to perform some kind of service in the athletics program.

The people in the Intramurals Office will be glad to speak with anyone interested in officiating intramurals next year. The opportunity is there for everybody.

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The Martlet

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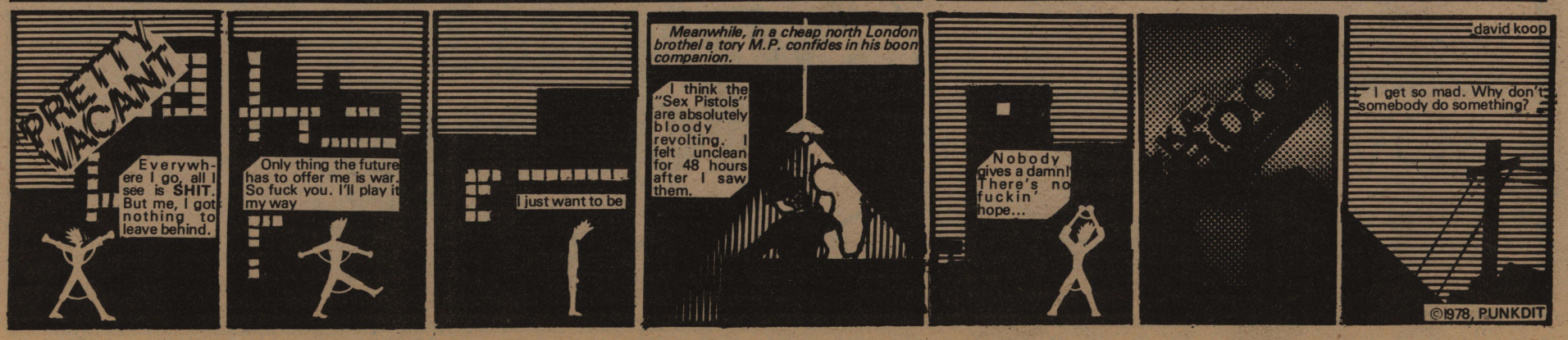
PRETTY VACANT
Everywhere I go, all I see is SHIT. But me, I got nothing to leave behind.
Only thing the future has to offer me is war. So fuck you. I'll play it my way
I just want to be
Meanwhile, in a cheap north London brothel a tory M.P. confides in his boon companion.
I think the "Sex Pistols" are absolutely bloody revolting. I felt unclean for 48 hours after I saw them.
Nobody gives a damn! There's no fuckin' hope...
david koop
I get so mad. Why don't somebody do something?
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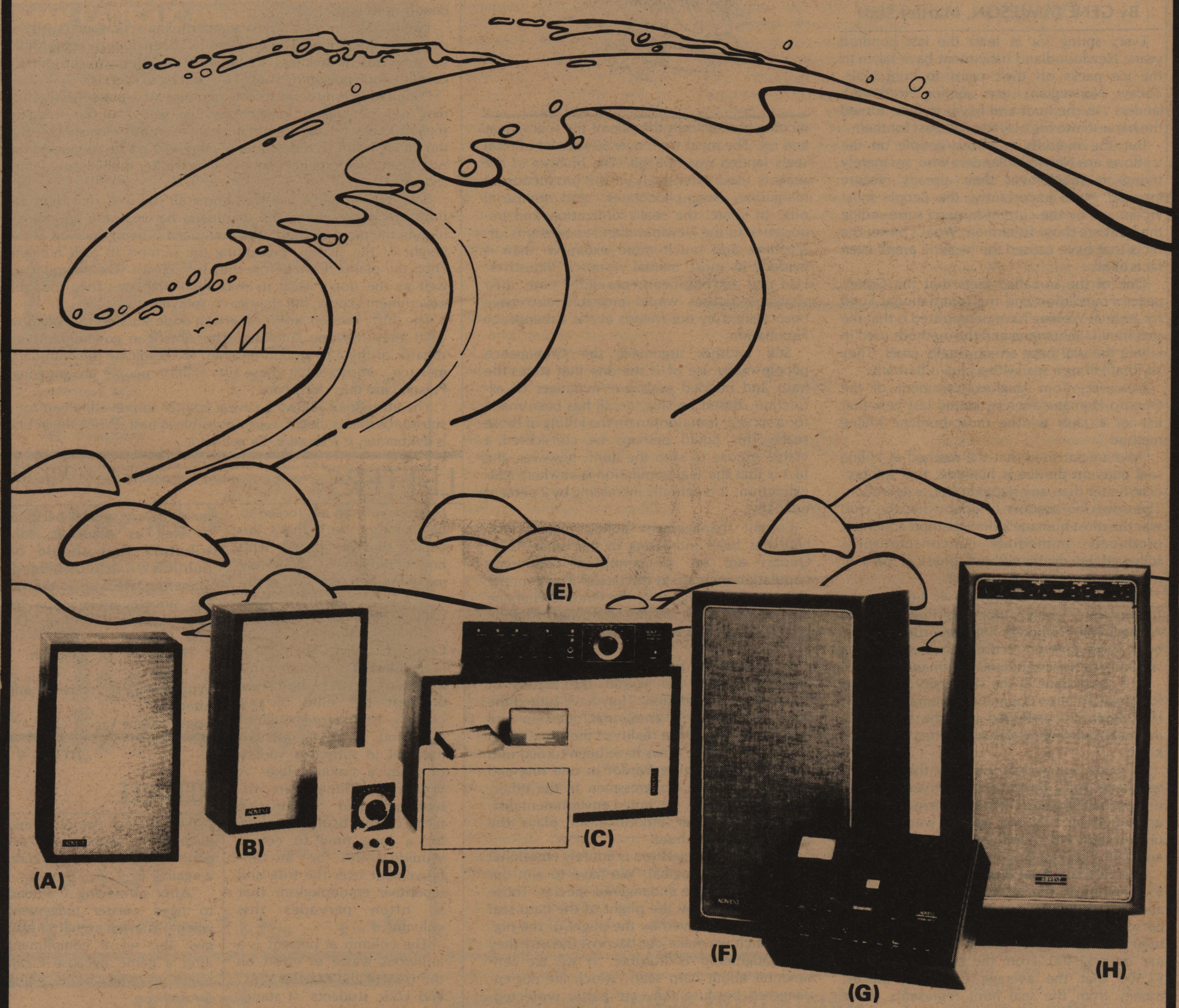

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